

The WOMAN

Albert Payson Terhune

Founded on William C. de Mille's Play
Illustrated with Photos from the Play and Drawings by K.L. Barker

SYNOPSIS.

Congressman Standish and the Woman, believing themselves in love, spend a week as man and wife in a hotel in northern New York under assumed names. The woman, who is really a girl, does not love Standish and calls her engagement to him a "political marriage." She is really a girl, a daughter of a wealthy family, who is being used by Standish for his political purposes. She is really a girl, a daughter of a wealthy family, who is being used by Standish for his political purposes. She is really a girl, a daughter of a wealthy family, who is being used by Standish for his political purposes.

CHAPTER XXI.

Jim Blake, Loser. And so for an instant they stood. It was an odd tableau; Grace, helpless, shaking, dumb; Wanda, her arms clasped protectively about the unheeding woman, who did not so much as realize their presence nor feel the warm sympathy of their embrace; Mark, his triumph tinged with impatience at his wife's hesitation; Blake, still gripping the telephone and glowing in angry surprise at the lawyer; Van Dyke grim, alert, master of the moment, his lean face set in lines of unwonted sadness.

And it was Van Dyke who broke the brief silence. His precise dry voice was tinged by a note of something almost solemn as he addressed Robertson.

"Mark," he said, "Miss Kelly has told us that she promised the woman not to tell. When did she make that promise?"

"What does that matter now?" snapped Mark.

"She never heard of the affair until early this evening. So it must be since then that she talked with the woman about it. Miss Kelly has been on duty downstairs ever since six o'clock. She has not left this hotel. How could she have communicated with the woman?"

"By telephone. It—"

"I think not," denied Van Dyke, the cold sorrow in his voice now apparent to every one. "The woman is here in this house."

"So much the better!" declared Blake, again picking up the telephone. Van Dyke, in gloomy wonder, turned on his chief.

"You have often boasted, Jim," said he, "that you owe your success to the fact you see things just a second sooner than other people. Don't you understand—even yet?"

"No," growled Blake, "I don't. Out with it, man! What are you trying to get at? Don't beat about the bush. You're wasting time that we haven't got."

Van Dyke faced Robertson; his lean face working.

"Mark," he said, tapping the duplicate telephone list, "your house in New York is charged here with two calls. We thought it was a mistake."



Gathered Her Into His Arms as Though She Were a Baby.

ing over to the capitol. Shall I tell Mullins to let the bill come to a vote?"

"Yes," answered Blake, without stirring or so much as looking up.

"Yes," he said again, and his voice was dead. "Yes—I'm licked."

As Van Dyke opened the door, Wanda made as though to follow him.

"If you don't need me any further, Mr. Blake," she said gently, "I'll go."

Blake lifted a pale hand in negation.

"In there," he muttered, pointing toward the door that led to the inner rooms. "I must speak to you—afterward."

When the old man raised his eyes, Mark and Grace alone were left in the room with him. Robertson was standing motionless unseeing. Grace's sob broke the tense silence, as she fought weakly for self-control. Blake crossed over to her. She rose at his approach.

and done with—before you married Mark!"

"Father!"

The woman faced him in dry-eyed horror. Every trace of weeping was seared away by the flame of sudden indignation. And, at the sight, Jim Blake gave a great wordless cry and gathered her into his arms as though she were a baby.

"Oh, my little girl!" he choked. "Dad's own, own little girl! We've been tearing your poor heart to pieces and your old father was the bitterest against you. It's all right, I tell you, girl. It's all right. Dad'll see you through. You shan't be bothered. There, there! Oh, don't cry like that, darling. Don't!"

His voice grew husky. Leaving her abruptly, he crossed to Robertson.

"Mark," he faltered, avoiding his son-in-law's eye, "you promised to protect her. This is the time to do it. It was 'for better, for worse.' If that vow is any good at all, it's a good 'for worse' as for 'better.' Mark—be gentle with her, boy."

Slowly, with bent shoulders and dragging step Blake made his way to the big room's farthest end. There, in the window's embrasure, out of earshot, his back to the others, he halted.

Drawing aside the curtains he glanced out into the night. The gloom of the sleeping city was below and around him. But, in one black mass, tiers upon tiers of garish lights glowed. There, in the capitol, the Mullins bill was coming to a vote.

There, Matthew Standish, freed by a miracle from the tolls that craftier men had woven about him, was winning the victory which was to clear for him the pathway to the very summit of political power.

But he found his subconscious self straying from the picture he was so ruthlessly drawing. His mind would not fix itself on the lighted capitol and the wreck of his life-work; but crept over back into the dim room behind him. Even his tongue tricked him. For when he would have made it recite further the tale of his losses, it muttered brokenly:

"My own little girl! Dad's own, own little girl!"

CHAPTER XXII.

The Hour of Reckoning.

Mark Robertson and his wife, left alone, together, in the other end of the great library, faced the situation for which Grace had so long been preparing and for which her frightened years of preparation had proved so useless.

Mark strove for speech. But for the first time in his roughly aggressive career, suitable words were denied him. Alternately he longed to tell her in naked terms what she was and how utterly he despised her. Again, a gush of self-pity urged him to reproach her for the wrecking of his ideals, the blasting of his happiness. Vanity coming part way to his aid, he framed—and left unspoken—a curt sentence of farewell. And, in the end, all he could say was:

"Why didn't you tell me?"

It was not what he had intended to say. It was banal. It expressed none of the stark moods that seethed in him. Yet she did not answer. He found himself asking once more:

"Why didn't you tell me?"

And now, unknown and unwished for, there crept into his bald question a note that was almost of entreaty.

"Tell me," she echoed. "Oh, if you knew how I've wanted to!"

"Then—"

"I didn't dare. I didn't dare."

"Truth and honor surely—"

"Your love meant more to me than truth and honor. I sacrificed them to keep it. I would sacrifice them and everything else to get it back. Is that shameless? Perhaps. The truth usually is. If I had told you, you would never have forgiven me. You know you wouldn't. If I've wronged you—"

"If you had loved me as a true woman loves, you would have told me. You would have had to. You could not have deceived me like this. Love doesn't feed on lies. It was my right to know everything, so that I could decide my own course. Instead, you have led me into this trap. There is no escape now. And it is too late to reproach you or to try to make you realize what you have done. You say your love for me kept you from telling? Believe that, if it is any comfort to you. I—"

"You say I don't know what true love is," she laughed bitterly. "I'm afraid I can never learn it from you. So your love has died? Love can't die, any more than God can die. You have never loved me."

"I—"

"Never. I see now that you didn't. For you don't know what love means. I lived for you. Every thought and word and act of mine was shaped for you. And for you alone. I knew you. I knew your faults, your follies, your brute savagery. And I loved you for them as well as for the good that was in you. But what was it you loved? The woman you married—or a snow-white saintly reputation? If you cared only for the reputation—that is gone forever. But if you loved me—the woman I am—then I've been everything you thought I was and wanted me to be—ever since the first moment you had the right to think of me at all. I gave you my life, from that time on and forever. And it has been all yours. Before then, it was mine."

"And yet you let me believe it was everything—your whole life—your first love."

"It was. All that was worth the giving. All that had ever been worth the giving. It was my self. Oh, can't you see that a woman's body and heart and soul belong not to her first lover but to her first love? No woman can ever guess what love is until she has found it. And I found it only

when I knew you. I gave you everything."

"I'm trying to make it easy. We've never had a real quarrel, you and I, Mark. So don't let us wind up our married life with one, now. You are in the right. I am hopelessly in the wrong. I have cheated you. I admit it, and I'll accept the consequences. It is in the blood. There is much to heredity. My father is a politician. I don't know who my grandfather was. And if he had been worth knowing about, I'd know. There is a bad strain running through the family. It cropped out in me. Yes, I have cheated you. You had the right to demand in our bargain the hard-and-fast terms the world has decreed: All of a wife's life in exchange for a frayed and battered remnant of her husband's. I can't meet those terms, though I tried to fool you into believing I could. So I must meekly give up the love whose price I can't pay. Don't let's make it harder by having a scene over it."

"What?"

"Bring him back to me."

"If I meet him again," she assented primly. "I'll send—"

"I didn't say 'send,'" corrected Blake. "I said 'bring.'"

"That's different."

"I'm out of politics. My own game has broken me at last. I'm old. I know it now. I never did till tonight. I'm old and I want my children around me."

"I'll tell Tom," she agreed, softened despite herself by the new suppleness in a voice that had never before been turned to the uses of entreaty. "I'll tell him. I'm sure he'll come back to you—when he understands. Good night, Mr. Blake."

"There's another thing," he broke in roughly, staying her departure, "a thing that isn't easy to say."

"Then, why say it?"

"Because," he growled, "like all things that aren't easy to say, it's a thing that's got to be said. Miss Kelly, hasn't tonight pretty nearly squared the old debt between you and me? You and yours have suffered a lot at my hands. But, after what's happened here this evening, I guess you'll admit, as far as suffering goes, you haven't got much on me. Haven't I paid? Won't you say we're square?"

"We're square, Mr. Blake," she returned in a tone she could not make wholly steady nor impersonal. "And," pursued Blake, "and—Tom?"

"That's different, too," she faltered. "I—"

The jangle of the telephone interrupted her. Blake, who was beside the desk, picked up the instrument.

"Hello," he called into the transmitter. "Ye—yes—she's here. Who wants her? Oh! Yes, put him on this wire."

He lowered the telephone.

"Some one to speak to you, Miss Kelly," he reported.

Mechanically, she took up the receiver, and, by long habit, her voice took its professional drone:

"Hello!" she called.

Then, turning on Blake, in surprise, she cried:

"Why, it's Tom!"

"Yes," drawled Blake. "So I gathered from the name. I'm glad. Glad clear down to the ground. For both of you. Tell him so, won't you?"

The winter sun was butting its way over the eastern skyline. The dawn was, bitter-cold, mercilessly clear.

And into the track of the first white glittering rays walked a tired man. A man who that night had won a mighty victory. A victory that foreshadowed the richest gifts his country could bestow. Before him the future stretched bright as that winter's dawn. As dazzlingly brilliant, and as cold and starkly empty.

In Matthew Standish's ears, as he returned toward the loveless abode that he hated to call home, still rang echoes of the pandemonium that had broken loose in the house when the Mullins bill had gone down to defeat.

"There is only one lasting victory," he muttered disjunctively to himself, as he moved onward in the dazzling ice-cold trail of light. "At the last, it won't be the world's applause that the world's great men will remember. It will be the love smile of a woman. And—I shall never have known that memory. What is the rest worth?"

(THE END.)

Henry M. Stanley Found Them Faithful Followers, Intelligent and Trustworthy.

Henry M. Stanley was among the first to negative the prevailing idea that cannibalism was the mark of a special allotment of original sin among aborigines. In fact he preferred cannibals because of their greater intelligence and greater fidelity. Now we have the opinion of Mr. Torday, who has just returned from the neighborhood of Lake Tegah in equatorial Africa. He says that he was virtually unarmed, and unescorted except by one friend and twenty Bimbabaland porters who were all cannibals. He says they were "the most devoted and reliable companions I could ever wish to have in a tight corner."

The practice of cannibalism was originally confined to the bodies of relatives and was intended as a mark of respect. Enemies were eaten in order to absorb their valor. Probably the most degraded form of cannibalism is to be found in Tibet,

suite, Wanda, with elaborate care, was shutting the door behind her.

Blake glanced quickly about the room.

"Yes," said Wanda, answering the question in his look and jerking her pretty head back in the direction of the room she had just quitted. "In there, I wouldn't worry if I were you."

Jim Blake's grim face took on a light as incongruous as the play of sunset rays on a mummy. The mask of age and defeat seemed to melt beneath it. He took an eager step toward the inner door.

"Just a minute," Wanda halted him. "You asked me to wait. If you don't need me here any longer—"

"Yes," hesitated Blake, trouble flitting across the new light in his eyes. "I wanted to ask you—to not to let Tom know about this. His sister—"

"I'll never tell him," she promised. "I sent him away so he wouldn't find out."

"You're white, clear through," grudgingly admitted Blake. "Will you do one thing more?"

"What?"

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"I didn't say 'send,'" corrected Blake. "I said 'bring.'"

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(THE END.)

MOTHER! LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE

If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs"

A laxative today saves a sick child tomorrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish; stomach sour.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation, poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is often all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

Out of Date. "Isn't she graceful?" "Yes, but horribly old fashioned. The slouch is all the style nowadays."

BABY HAD PAINFUL ECZEMA

R. F. D. No. 1, Lucerne, Colo.—"About two years ago my baby, who was about four months old at that time, was afflicted with eczema which at first appeared on the back of the neck and kept constantly enlarging. The eczema broke out in a rash at first and it was small and round and very red. It itched and burned so much that he could not sleep well, continually turning and twisting his head as the eczema was on the back of his neck where he could not get to it to scratch well. But in rubbing so much it became red and almost raw. It seemed very painful as the child fretted constantly. After some time a similar trouble appeared on the cheeks.

"At last a friend advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I sent for a sample and this did so much good I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and the Cuticura Ointment. I used them according to directions and it was only a month until the eczema was apparently well and it soon entirely disappeared and has never returned." (Signed) Mrs. Carrie M. Brown, Mar. 28, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

It Was Ever Thus. Riff—What is your son doing these days? Raff—Me—Nebraska Awgwan.

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative, three for cathartic. Adv.

Reckless promises soon make a man friendless.

WHAT \$10 DID FOR THIS WOMAN

The Price She Paid for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Which Brought Good Health.

Danville, Va.—"I have only spent ten dollars on your medicine and I feel so much better than I did when the doctor was treating me. I don't suffer any bearing down pains at all now and I sleep well. I cannot say enough for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills as they have done so much for me. I am enjoying good health now and owe it all to your remedies. I take pleasure in telling my friends and neighbors about them."—Mrs. MARTIN HALEY, 501 Colquhoun Street, Danville, Va.

No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

PISOS REMEDY Best Cough Syrup. Throat Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. FOR COUGHS AND COLDS